

Canibus Lyrics

"Poet's Palaquin"

Yeah, I like this one

New York, L.A. Times

They both reverse-transcribed his rhymes
Simultaneously, they tried to get inside his mind
His Amazon catalog, rebuild Babylon

Unroll the master scroll of the surface, he sketched the schematic on

A palanquin carries a poet road-mapping a song

Retracing the steps of a journey never traveled before

And the mandolin was laid across legs, bruised and bandaged

Short supply of First Aid is why his wounds were rancid

A musician played Bobby McFerrin, "Don't Worry, Be Happy"

Gradually, if things get worse, you adapt naturally

Choose your fate, as you near death, and move away from a recuperative state

These pharmaceuticals make them hallucinate

It's nothing new to pay dues: how much you produce today?

You know what they say: "It's business as usual, ok?"

Because of sanctions, they are banned from international bank transfers

They stealth bombed Wakanda after they killed Black Panther

The ancestors were angered

When I heard about it, I was in transit

In a former land, the newsfeed was in a foreign language

The Starlink satellite standard couldn't give me a serious answer

The Sirius satellite system was tampered

My Fintech financier finally translated the transcript

My legs failed me and I fell, leaving my spirit standing

Weeping in sadness, what are the chances?

Looking down at Canibus, through stained Google glasses

Wailing in anguish, it's hard to cope

With something so savage, let alone tragic

The melanated man moans on the Sabbath

While America's streets are swarming with Panzers

Horses, carriages, Canibus hands-free lariats

Control free, energy palanquins

The skies pour liquid acid

Water treatment, tap water is brackish

Tech support taken over by hackers

Don't believe me? Blow me

You repeat me? Better quote me

This is a goodie, but oldie, 5.1 Dolby

The Romans tied every sniveling, son-of-a-Nun moaning

To each cadaver closely

Toxic exposure from bodies decomposing

In the hot sun roasting

Painstakingly and slowly infecting

The flesh of anything living, laying there loathing

Selfishly indulging down a structurally corroding

Path of primroses, with eyes nearly closed
I suppose you can say barely opened
Swaying to and fro, spraying saliva from dead throats
Foaming, praying, karaoke choking
To me, it sound like yodeling, but it is worth noting
There's forbidden, foreboding tongues scolding
Which originally OEM designed by Boeing
Promoting anal swab probing
Exploding from inefficient battery warnings
Do the research, homie, I ain't trolling
My newest CD? Frozen
Your skin? Smoldered
Overheated and swollen, steaming and smoking
And stinking through clothing
I need a moment to go breathe in the open
Fucking rappers got me sicker than COVID
And you know this, still the dopest
Free the people like Moses
Hyper focused with both barrels loaded, 'cause I'm a Poet
And when my palanquin pull up, climb aboard, let's go Bis
Peep the components, Pete Rock, Can-I-Bus bonus
Shoulder to shoulder
In foxhole with speedloaders
Lord Cyborg soldiers
Hot fire like Dylan told ya, nugguh